

Emil. That were a shame Sir,
While I have horses: take your choice, and what
You want at any time, let me but know it;
If you serve faithfully, I dare assure you
You'll finde a loving Mikris.

Arc. If I doe not,
Let me finde that my Father ever hated,
Disgrace, and blowes.

Thes. Go leade the way; you have won it:
It shall be so; you shall receive all dues
Fit for the honour you have won; Twere wrong else,
Sister, befhrew my heart, you have a Servant,
That if I were a woman, would be Master,
But you are wise.

Emil. I hope too wise for that Sir. *Florisb. Exit omnes.*

Scena 6. Enter Taylors Daughter alone.

Daughter. Let all the Dukes, and all the divells rore,
He is at liberty: I have venturd for him,
And out I have brought him to a little wood
A mile hence, I have sent him, where a Cedar
Higher than all the rest, spreads like a plane
Fast by a Brooke, and there he shall keepe close;
Till I provide him Fyles, and foode, for yet
His yron bracelets are not off. O Love
What a stout hearted child thou art! My Father
Durst better have indur'd cold yron, than done it:
I love him, beyond love, and beyond reason,
Or wit, or safetie: I have made him know it
I care not, I am desperate, If the law
Finde me, and then condemne me for't; some wenches,
Some honest harted Maides, will sing my Dirge.
And tell to memory, my death was noble,
Dying almost a Martyr: That way he takes,
I purpose is my way too: Sure he cannot
Be sounmanly, as to leave me here,
If he doe, Maides will not so easily
Trust men againe: And yet he has not thank'd me
For what I have done: no not so much as kist me,

And

And that (me thinkes) is not so
Could I perswade him to become
He made such scruples of the wr
To me, and to my Father. Yet I
When he considers more, this lo
Will take more root within him
What he will with me, so he use
For use me so he shall, or ile pro
And to his face, no-man: Ile pre
Provide him necessaries, and pack
And where there is a path of gro
So kee be with me; By him, like
Ile ever dwell; within this houre
Will be all ore the prison: I am t
Kissing the man they looke for:
Get many more such prisoners, a
And shortly you may keepe your

Scena 1. Enter Arcite.

Arcite. The Duke has lost Hy
A severall land. This is a solemn
They owe bloomed May, and the
To'th heart of Ceremony: O Qu
Fresher then May, sweeter
Then hir gold Buttons on the bo
Th'en amell'd knackes o'th Meade
(We challenge too) the bancke o
That makes the streame seeme flo
O'th wood, o'th world, hast like
With thy sole prefence, in thy run
That I poore man might eftsoone
And chop on some cold thought,
To drop on such a Mistris, expect
most gildesse on't: tell me O Lac
(Next after *Emely* my Sovereign